

The Dream of Life.

Was but a bubble—yet it was bright,
And gaily danced along the stream
Of life's light tints in the light
Of sunbeams sparkling like a dream
Of heaven's own bliss for loveliness;
For it was like a passing thought;
And ever of those dreams of life
The tissue of my life is wrought,
For I have dreamed of pleasure when
The sun of young existence smiled
Upon my wayward path and then
Her promised sweets my heart beguiled;
But when I came those sweets to sip,
They turned to gall upon my lip.

And I have dreamed of friendship, too:
For friendship thought was made
To be man's solace in the shade
And glad him in the light, and so
I fondly thought to find a friend
Whose mind with mine would sweetly blend,
And from two peaceful streams unite,
And roll their waters in one bright
And tranquil current to the sea;
So might our happy spirits be
Born onward to eternity,
But he betrayed me, and with pain
I woke to sleep and dream again.

And then I dreamed of love, and all
The clustered visions of the past
Seemed to me like a dream of life,
Bright dream, as I threw a magic
Enchantment over existence—cast
A glow of joy upon my life;
I seemed to breathe and feel its light;
But now that life is over,
And I have waked to dream no more.

Beyond the farthest glimmering star
That twinkles in the arch above,
There is a world of truth and love,
Which earth's vain passions never mar;
Oh, could I snatch the eagle's plumage
And soar to that bright world away,
With God's own light in my times
With glories of eternal day!

How gladly every lingering tie
That binds me down to earth I sever,
And leave, for that which is on high,
This hollow-hearted world forever.

GEORGE D. FRENTICE.

Them Wilbur Girls.

For all have sinned and come short
Of the glory of God, Marion Wilbur's
face got kinder pale as our minister
repeated those awful words, and looked
searchingly like right into her face with
them black eyes of his.

Them Wilbur girls are the torment
of our town, and I could go back to the
time when they were little young'uns,
and tell lots of tormentin' to commence
just where I did, and tell all about
Marion and—well, never mind who;
you'll hear soon enough.

"Well, is it my fault? You are lead-
in' the flock."

Laura Wilbur laughed then. She's
the youngest, but not high as wicked as
Marion.

Then says I to my husband—the
ugliest man in the world—good,
though, awful good.

"Nathan, them girls ought to be
put out of the church; they ain't fit to
stay in it."

"Samantha, 'judge not that ye be
not judged.'"

I responded, sharp like—
"Scripture comes tolerable handy to
you, Nathan, when you are taken in
by a pretty face. Hush, now,"
says I. "No more scripture nor any-
thing."

After church, when I went home, I
told Nathan about how them Wilbur
girls used to laugh in prayer meetin'
every time old Gray gave his expe-
rience.

The old man was forgetful like and
gave it different every time; but it
was nothin' to laugh at, as I told 'em.

Them Wilbur girls was awful pret-
ty; they was fair and had big blue
eyes; their hair was yellow and fell in
pretty curls over their white foreheads.
I tried to like them girls but I just
couldn't. Now there was our minister;
the whole year he had tried to save
their souls. He told them so one day,
desperate like; and that Marion says—
"Why, Mr. Norton, Laura and I
haven't got any souls to speak of."

Says I—
"Miss Wilbur, you'll find out some
day." And Brother Norton looked
awful sad and troubled like.

Well, in a few days we had a church
festival. The Wilbur girls kept post-
office. Everybody knew they didn't
do it to help the church at all, but to
have fun and talk with the boys. But
they was the only girls we could get to
write letters, so we lectured 'em and set
'em to work.

Says I—
"No foolin' now, Merion."

So the day before the festival, when
we was despatched to write letters, they
came to write the letters. I never saw
a prettier sight than them girls bendin'
their sunny heads earnestly over their
work, and now and then a bright
smile lightin' up their pretty faces.

It was that very evenin' I found out
a secret.

Brother Norton seemed to think
them girls sittin' there writin' made a
pretty picture, too, for he said to me,
sad like—
"Sister Wells, is it not a pity that
two such lovely young ladies should be
—well, so—"

"Say it out like a man, Brother
Norton," says I. "So tartational
wicked."

"Well, not really wicked," he an-
swered.

"Yes," says I. "Wicked—awful
wicked, too!"

"Samantha," put in Nathan.
"Judge not!"

"That'll do for you, Nathan," says I.
Our minister, he kept starin' at them
girls, and so did I, and directly I
says—
"I tell you, Brother Norton, I feel
sorry for the man that marries Marion
Wilbur."

I ain't no fool, and I knew in a min-
ute what it meant when I saw his face
get red as a hair. Our minister was
in love! Oh, Marion Wilbur—of all
people in the world! Plumb disgusted
I was.

For a while after the festival them
Wilbur girls was pretty quiet. Our

minister and some others got up a re-
vival meetin', and I am awful thank-
ful to say a great deal of good was
done. The last night there was a big
crowd. Deacon Williams, who is half
blind, went to pass round the hymn
books, as fast as he give 'em out the
ones that took 'em commenced to laugh
and giggle like.

Says I—
"Nathan, they are all a set of luna-
tics."

Pretty soon he gave me a book and I
opened it; it was a first reader! 'Lor!
wasn't I mad, though? I didn't laugh!
Marion Wilbur owned the next day to
her minister that she spent five dollars
for those books, just for the fun of fool-
in' people.

Says he, mad for once—
"Miss Wilbur, never dare to enter
the church doors again."

"Very well, Mr. Norton," says she.
"I won't, but Laura and I will have
a ladder made and go in at the win-
dow."

And they did so, too, the very next
Sunday. Everybody was a slug! In
"Sweet Hour of Prayer," when in
them girls came at the window!
Everybody—minister and all—laughed
but me.

Says I—
"Nathan, that'll do!"

When we got home I says—
"Nathan, them people in the Bible
was tormentin' by Joseph and lots of
other plagues, but none of them was
equal to them Wilbur girls; and John
the Baptist ought to be thankful that
he had his head taken off before he
saw 'em."

"That evenin' our minister called at
our house in his buggy.

Says he—
"Get in, Sister Wells, and take a
ride." And I went.

As we passed out of town and was
going up a steep bank, somethin came
bang! against the buggy. The horse
was awfully skereed; he reared back;
down went the buggy—down, down,
and over at last, and I was a sittin',
stupid like, lookin' after the horse and
buggy, when a girl came flyin' out of
the thicket by the roadside. She never
looked at me, but ran to Brother Nor-
ton, who was layin' awful still and
white, and she knelt down by him
sobbin' and mournin', and I saw it was
Marion Wilbur, and I knew it was her
and nobody else that skereed the
horse; and she kept mournin' over
and over.

"Have I killed you, my love? Speak
to me! Look at me! God help me: I
will never be so wicked again! Oh!
my love, my love!"

"Marion Wilbur, I hope he is dead
and that his ghost will haunt you for-
ever."

But she never answered me; just
looked at me a minute, with her white
face, and sobbed and cried again say-
in'—
"Oh, is he dead? Is he dead? Heav-
en help me!"

Says I—
"You need help."

"My love, my darling," she cried.
"Forgive me—love me! don't die—
don't die!"

"Marion," says I, "don't be a fool!
If you want him to live so bad you
might get some water and pour in his
face, or go for a doctor; callin' him
love and darlin' won't cure a broken
head."

But she didn't seem to hear me, but
said—
"Oh, my darling, if you should die!
Just now he opened his eyes, started
like, smiled and whispered—
"Marion, don't cry, my dear love."
But she died, and he kissed her.

Says I—
"Go on, young people, it's interest-
in'."

They laughed, and Brother Norton
says—
"Promise me, my Marion, never to
be so wicked again."

"Brother Norton," I said, "you
will have to pray the rest of your life
for forgiveness for what she has done
already."

"And you do love me," she whis-
pered.

"Good gracious, spare us!" I hol-
ered.

"Brother Norton! If you have any
sympathy for me, don't start off on
that strain again. You are the biggest
fool in our town—except Marion. I
congratulate you, but oh, don't get off
on that strain again!"

Just then came a man with our
horse and buggy, and thankful I was.
Marion Wilbur got to be a quiet sort
of a girl, and after a while her and
her minister got married. La, yes! they
have been married ten years now—
happy couple, too. My boy, Larry,
goes to see Laura, now; got more sense
than she used to have, thank the
Lord! Right good woman after all
their foolishness—them Wilbur girls.

The Jiners.

She was about forty-five years old,
well dressed, had black hair, rather
thin and tinged with gray, and eyes
in which gleamed the fire of a deter-
mination not easily balked. She
walked into Mayor Huse's office and
requested a private interview, and hav-
ing obtained it, and satisfied herself that
the law students were not listening at
the keyhole, said slowly, solemnly and
impressively—
"I want a divorce."

"What for?" I supposed you had
one of the best of husbands," said the
Mayor.

"I suppose that's what everybody
thinks; but if they knew what I've
suffered in ten years they'd wonder I
didn't scald him long ago. I ought to,
but for the sake of the young ones
I've born it and said nothing. I've
told him, though, that he might de-
pend on me and now the time's come—
I want a divorce, and if the neighbors
want to blush themselves
hoarse about it, they can, for I won't
stand it another day."

"But what's the matter? Don't
your husband provide for you? Don't
he treat you kindly?" pursued the law-
yer.

"We get victuals enough, and I don't
know but he's as true and kind as men
in general, and he's never knocked
any of us down. I wish he had; then
I'd get him into jail and know where
he was of nights," retorted the wo-
man.

"Then what is your complaint
against him?"

"Well, if you must know, he's one
of them plaguey jiners."

"A jiner?"

"A jiner—one of them pesky fools
that's always jining somethin'. There
can't be nothin' come along that's
dark and sly and hidden but he jins it.
If anybody should get up a society to
burn his house down, he'd jine it just
as soon as he could get in; and if he
had to pay for it he'd go all the sud-
den. We hadn't been married
more'n two months before he jined the
Know Nothings. We lived on a farm
then, and every Saturday night he'd
go in a green jacket and a true on his
stomach! Ain't he a longtong? Well,
that's my Sam, and I've stood it as
long as I'm goin' to."

"The next thing the old fool made
was into the Odd Fellows. I made it
warm for him when he came home
and told me he'd jined them, but he
kinder pacified me by telling me they
are a sort of branch show that took in
women, and he'd get me in as soon as
he found out how to do it. Well, one
night he come home and said I'd been
proposed, and somebody had black-
balled me. Did it himself, of course.
Didn't want me around knowin' to
his going on. Of course he didn't and
I told him so."

"Then he jined the Sons of Maller.
Didn't say nothin' to me about it, but
he sneaked off one night, pretendin' he'd
got to sit up with a sick Old Fellow,
and I never found it out, only he come
home lookin' like a man who had been
through a threshing machine, and I
wouldn't do a thing for him until he
owned up. And so it's gone from bad
to worse, jinin' this and that and other,
till he's worship minister of the Mas-
son's, and goodness of hope of the Odd
Fellows, and sword swallower of the
Finnegans, and virgin curser of the
Grange, and grand Mogul of the Sons
of Indolence, and two-edged tonahawk
of the United Order of Red Men, and
tale bearer of the Merfild Manikins,
and skipper of the Guild-Charitable
Colours, and big wizard of the Ar-
chian Nights, and pledge passer of the
Reform Club, and chief bulger of the
Irish Mechanics, and pure keeper of
the Order of Canadian Conscience, and
doubled-barreled dictator of the
Knights of the Brass Croires, and
standard bearer of the Royal Arch-
angels, and sublime porte of the Onion
League, and chambermaid of the Cele-
stial Cherubs, and puissant potentate
of the Petrified Pigstickers, and the Lord
only knows what else. I've borne it
and borne it, but I've got 'em all
jined after awhile, and I can't use
them, and when he'd got into a new one,
and been made grand guide of the Nights
of Horror, I told him I'd quit and I
will."

Here the Major interrupted, say-
in'—
"Well, your husband is pretty well
initiated, that's a fact; but the court
will hardly call that a good cause for

The Jiners.

divorce. The most of the societies you
mention are composed of honorable
men, though called lodges, are re-
lief associations and mutual insurance
companies, which, if your husband
should die, would take care of you and
would not see you suffer if you were
sick."

"See me suffer when I'm sick! Take
care of me when he's dead! Well, I
guess not; I can take care of myself
when he's dead, and if I can't I can
get another! There's plenty of 'em!
And they needn't bother themselves
when I am sick, either. If I want to
be sick and suffer, it's none of their
business, especially after all the suffer-
in' I've had when I ain't sick, because
of their carryin' on. And you needn't
try and make me believe it's all right,
either. I know what it is to live with
a man that jines so many lodges that
he don't never lodge at home."

"Oh, that's harmless amusement,"
quietly remarked Mr. Huse."

She looked him square in the eyes
and said: "I believe you are a jiner
yourself."

He admitted that he was to a certain
extent, and she arose and said, "I
would not have thought it. A man
like you, chairman of a Sabbath school,
its enough to make a woman take
pisen! But I don't want anything of
you. I want a lawyer that don't be-
long to nobody or nothin'." And she
boiled out of the office and inquired
where Capt. Patten kept.

Clips from the National Press.

How to mark table-linen—upset the
grave.

An ism is to be put down by the po-
lice—ruffianism.

You never see a woman button any-
thing she can pin.

Better have large feet than a small
understanding.

The world is more apt to reward ap-
pearances than deserts.

In jealousy there is more love of self
than of any one else.

What the cabbage said to the cook—
"My heart is here."

An exchange story—one in which
there are no wedding.

Leap-year motto—Look before you
leap into matrimony.

A woman's curiosity will always go
further than her pin money.

A lady is not benefited by the length
of dress trailing the floor.

Men with few faults are the least
anxious to discover those of others.

Death and the sun have this in com-
mon—few can gaze at them steadily.

Words are sometimes signs of ideas,
and sometimes of the want of them.

The man who fell into a barrel of
whisky said he was "depressed in
spirits."

There is in the heart of woman such
a deep well of love that no age can
freeze it.

Man feels himself so perishable that
he bows before the presence of immu-
tability.

Any girl has a right to look at a mil-
liner's window and wish she had a rich
husband.

How absurd to be afraid of death,
when we are in the habit of rehearsing
it every night.

It is one of the curious ways of the
world that a male hair-dresser often
dyes an old maid.

Horace Greeley was a West pointer.
An exchange story—"Very few, how-
ever, at the point of death." Perhaps
they would if they could see the point.

Mrs. Youngwoman wants to know
"what is the best way to mark table-
linen?" Leave the baby and a black-
berry pie alone at the table for three
minutes.

Lord Brougham once, when he was
in a facetious mood, being asked to
define a lawyer, said: "A lawyer is a
learned gentleman who rescues your
enemies from your enemies and keeps it
himself."

Freddy Miles, of Cleveland, aged 4,
accompanied his parents to church.
On entering they knelt and bowed
low. As they resumed their seats, thus
said Master Fred: "Is you 'frail' cause
God is here?" "Why no, child?"
"Then what makes you hide?"

DIRECT FROM HEADQUARTERS—A
genuine incident: Dr. L. called upon a
lady acquaintance the other day and
was met at the door by the lady's little
girl. He asked her to tell her mamma
that Dr. L. had called. The child went
upstairs and presently returned. "Did
you tell your mamma?" asked the doc-
tor. "Yes." "And what did she say?"
"She said, 'O how!'"

AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT—"In
closin' dis meetin', I, the undersigned
man, as the usual hour was marked by
the clock, 'let every one o' you bar in
mind dat blowin' up a bladder don't
make a bar!'. Git it as full of wind as
you may an' its nuffin' but a bladder.
De Lawd made each one for a spechul
purpose, an' de chap who was created
to use a shovel will git busted every
time he believes dat he was cut out for
a statesman." "We will now be seated."

HE TOOK THE HINT AND HIS HAT.
—He was sitting in the parlor with her
when a rooster crowed in the yard,
and leaning over he said: "Chanticleer!"
"I wish to gracious you would!" she
said. "I'm sleepy as I can be." He
took his hat and left, and hasn't been
back since.

WHISKY AS A PEACEMAKER.—Saidly
Egan, a colored man, known in the
neighborhood as Black Horn, some
time ago met the wife of One-eyed
Nicholas. Finally he and Mrs. One-
eyed Nicholas ran away and came to
Little Rock and opened a kind of boiled
cabbage-eating house. For the first few
days after the elopement old Nicholas
sundered himself to grief. "I've
lost de 'oman ob my bosom," he said;
"de debil hab tuk de rib what God

had gin me." At last the old man
threw aside his grief and mediated
revenge. He took an oath that he
would kill Buck Horn. "I've neber
gone back on an oath," he said to a
neighbor, "an' when I meets Buck
Horn he mus' die de death ob de on-
gody. Happy will be de time when I
sets de sole of my feet in dat man's
blood." Next day old Nicholas came
to the city. He brought a large pistol
and a bribe book with him. Ascertain-
ing the locality of his mortal enemy,
he went to the house, and, without
revealing his identity, was admitted by
a boarder. Seated on a bench he
awaited the appearance of Buck Horn.
After while the man came. Nicholas
sprang up, shut the door and locked it.
"Face face wid de debil," exclaimed
Nicholas, cocking his pistol and raising
the bribe book. "I hab evor to take
yer life, an' fore de Lord I see gwine
to do hit." "Look hesh, Nick," said
Buck Horn, "guy a man some sories
show." "Say your prars." "Nick, I
doan want no truck wid yer." "In de
name of de church I stermatees dis
sinner." The old man levelled his
pistol. "Nick, doan yer remember
dat Kentucky whisky we drunk dat
day at de ferry?" "Yes," said the old
man, lowering his pistol; "yer got any
moah?" "Yes, I is." "What's yer
bottle?" Heah hit is," and Buck
Horn took a bottle from his pocket.
"Now it is a Yankee, Nick. He
handed it over and remarked: 'Hop
yerself.' The old man drank and
said: 'Gennywine 'possum hollow.'"
"Yer's right, old man. Hab a seat."
The two men sat down. "Let me put
yer pistol ober heah. Put de book
ober in de corner. Dar now, we's fix-
ed. How's everythin' down de country?"
"What yer ain't a golin' soon, is yer?"
Wish yer stay to dinner." "Gimme
some more ob de 'possum hollow. Dat
stuff makes me feel like whistlin'." Come
out and see me. Doan forget de jug.

A Man Who Breathes Through His Ears.

A Norwich (Conn.) dispatch to the
New York Sun says: The following
remarkable statement has been jour-
neying through the Connecticut press:
"Now it is a Yankee, Mr. Samuel
Bromley, of Middle River, in the State
of Connecticut, who announces his
ability to live for ten hours with his
nose and mouth hermetically sealed.
Where is this thing to stop?"

The individual referred to above is
the popular barber of Mystic, a little
village on the Sound, between New
London and Watch Hill. He has a
unique office in the main street of that
delightful old-time hamlet, and is well
known along the coast as "Fat Sam."

Those acquainted with Sam see no reason
why he should not be able to ac-
complish what is coupled with his
name, for he is able to breathe for a
time without the use of mouth or nos-
trils, communication between his lungs
and the outside world being kept up
through his ears. When smoking a
cigar he often exhales the smoke
through the same extraordinary chan-
nel, to the profound astonishment of
those who are unaware of this freak of
nature. Many persons who have seen
the jet of cigar smoke creeping out of
his ears are willing to testify to the
truthfulness of "Fat Sam's" assertion.
Though not particularly fond of no-
toriety, Sam thinks he can establish his
ability to live practically "hermetically
sealed" for ten days.

What Made Him So Mad.

At the second battle of Bull Run, a
Michigan regiment, in making a
change of position, came upon a Con-
federate soldier sitting astride of a Fed-
eral, who was lying on his back. Each
had a firm hold of the other, and
neither could break the hold. As the
troops came up the reb. was taken in,
and as the Yank arose he was asked
how he came to be in such a fix.

"Why I captured the Yankee Johnny,"
he replied. "Then how did he come
to be on top?" "That's what makes
me so infernal mad," shouted the blue
coat. "He captured me the same time
I did him, and then he wouldn't toss
up to see who had the bulge. He's no
gentleman; no, sir, he ain't!"

BROWN CHOUCE.

AMERICAN BREAKFASTS IN Eu-
rope. We are among those who
believe that the demand for American
breakfasts for Europe will be as great
for the year to come as it has been for
the past twelve months. Russia's
wheat crop is fully 20 per cent. short,
and she will be able to export but a
very small quantity, if any, while other
grain regions have been equally un-
fortunate in their harvests, notably
large sections of Prussia. England
admits that her crop falls somewhat
below last year's harvest, which was
a universal poor one, and, therefore,
she will continue to be a great con-
sumer of our products. France is also
complaining of a short crop, and al-
together we think that a demand fully
up to that of the last year may be
counted upon for the surplus cereals of
this country.

SUCCESS WITH SMALL FRUITS.

The American Agriculturist makes a
strong plea for the currant as less per-
ishable, bearing transparent berries
and yielding more liberally than better
strawberries. The currant is the best
and the best, well manured and not
too wet. The Versailles and white
grape varieties are recommended, and
cuttings planted in the fall are con-
sidered better economy to purchasers
than plants, though the latter will give
fruit a year or two earlier. "Eternal
vigilance is the price of safety from the
currant worm, and powdered white
hellebore is the ammunition to put him
to flight."

Bluebottle Flies.

Three bluebottle flies, says Linnaeus,
will devour a horse, as such as a lion
could do it. The statement is no doubt
somewhat of an exaggeration, but it
is not so far over the mark as it may be
supposed to be. One fly, it has been
stated, will produce 20,000 eggs, and no
smaller are the maggots hatched from
them than they set to work with
such vigor that in twenty-four hours
they will increase in weight some 200
times. In about three weeks every one
of them, perhaps, females, each
capable of depositing another 20,000
eggs in any dead rat or "high" leg of
mutton that threatens to breed pesti-
lence in the air.

The Oldest Monument in the World.

The Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford,
contains one of the oldest monuments
of civilization in the world, if, indeed,
it is not the very oldest. This is the
limestone of a tomb which formed the
last resting place of an officer who
lived in the time of King Seti, of the
second dynasty, whose date is placed by
M. Mariette more than six thousand
years ago. The stone is covered with
that delicate and finished sculpture
which distinguished the early periods
of Egyptian history, and was imme-
sensibly superior to the stiff and
conventional art of the latter ages of
Egypt which we are accustomed to see
in our European museums. But it is
also covered with something more pre-
cious still than sculpture—with hiero-
glyphics which show that even at that
remote time Egyptian writing was a
complete and finished art, with long
ages of previous development lying be-
hind it. The hieroglyphic characters
are already used, not only pictorially
and ideographically, but also to express
syllables and alphabetic letters, the
name of the King, for instance, being
spelled alphabetically. In the hands
of the Egyptian scribes, however,
Egyptian writing never made any
further progress. With the fall of
what is called the Old Empire (about
B. C. 3500) the freshness and expansive
force of the people passed away. Egypt-
ian life and thought became fossilized,
and through the long series of centuries
that followed Egypt resembled one of
its own mummies, faithfully preserving
the form and features of a past age,
and of a life which had ceased to beat
in its veins. Until the introduction of
Christianity the only change under-
gone by Egyptian writing was the in-
vention of a running hand, which in
its earlier and simple form is called
hieratic, and in its later form, domestic.

The Drum Major.

Why is it that the drum major al-
ways monopolizes the admiration of
the small boy? He invariably takes
him for something in moccasins, and he
is about right. A Chicago Tribune re-
porter describes one of these magnifi-
cent creatures thus: "His feet rose and
fell with the regularity of quartz crush-
ers; his beak-like nose was lowering and
fluffy as a cat's tail in spring time.
His gauntleted left hand was glued to
his hip, and his gauntleted right to his
staff, saving right and left for dear
life. Then he reached the second line
of review and prepared to salute. First
he raised the staff shoulder high and
wobbled it four times like the walking
beam of an engine. Then he reversed
it and gave one gliderlike to the right
and two flabellate to the left; twirled
the knob seven times, flung the staff
twenty feet in the air, and made a mo-
tion as if he were going to turn a triple
somerset before it came down again.
Instead of this, however, he caught it
deftly, tucked it under his right arm,
shot out his left horizontally, crooked
his elbow and laid the back of his hand
on his brow. And he did all this with
such skill, rapidity and pride that the
small boy cried: 'O, looker him, Jim-
my! My eye! don't he look like a
billed booby nor nothin'!"

In one of the gigantic embossments
of nowadays there was an entanglement
of carriages and an old lady squealed
like a peacock. "Oh! we shall be
killed!" "Pardon, Madame," said an-
other of the passengers. "What can
you fear? Don't you see that our omi-
nibus is so much heavier than the other
that it is we who will crush them?"
"Ah, yes, that's so," said the lady
miling reassured.

"BUMBLE FOOT." This trouble in
the feet of fowls is a large bunch on
the side or heel, which sometimes ap-
pears and sometimes forms a callosity,
and its origin is generally a
bruise caused by alighting from a high
perch or flight. Heavy birds naturally
suffer more than those of small breeds.
Bumble foot is often contracted from
perching on a flat pole, where the toes
may be prevented the trouble by proper
arrangement of the roosting poles.
Round perches are preferable to flat
square strips. The poles should be
small—for a full-grown fowl not more
than an inch and a half in diameter.
A large fowl will roost on a small
branch. One that is sufficiently large
to bear the weight is all that is neces-
sary. When roosting on a tree fowls
generally seek the outer branches, that
are small and easy to clasp the toes
around. Square or large perches cause
crooked breast bones, produced when
young while the bone is yet gritty.

At a restaurant—"Take away the
sauerkraut; there is a hair in it."
"Monseur, you astonish me. I thought
I had picked them all out."

Household Knowledge.

MUSHROOMS SAUTES.—Pick and
thoroughly clean them, cutting in four
pieces if large; throw them into cold
water, with the juice of a lemon or a
little vinegar, as they are being done.
Then take them out and dry them in a
cloth. Melt a piece of butter in a
saucepan, add pepper, salt, and a little
grated nutmeg. Put in the mush-
rooms, and toss over the fire till thor-
oughly cooked.

NEW CARROTS WITH CREAM.—Take
a quantity of the smallest new carrots
that can be obtained, and boil them in
salted water. When done, drain off
the water. Melt one ounce of butter
in a saucepan, add to it a desiccated
pound of flour, pepper, salt, grated nu-
tmeg, a pinch of powdered sugar and a
small quantity of cream. Put in the
carrots, simmer gently a few minutes,
and serve.

SWISS MACAROONS.—Mix half a
pound of sweet and two ounces of bit-
ter almonds, sift them with a quarter
pound of fine sifted sugar, and put
them in a cool oven until they take a
pale brown color; then add three quar-
ters of a pound of fine sifted sugar, the
whites of two large eggs beaten to a
strong froth, or sufficient to make a
paste stiff enough to form into cakes.
Finish as for the above recipe.

POULET A LA MARENGO.—Cut up an
uncooked fowl as for a fricassee, and
fry the pieces in olive oil, with a bruised
clove of garlic, pepper, salt, and a
baget of sweet herbs. Take three
tablespoonsful of the oil used in frying
the fowl, add some minced mush-
rooms, a little shallot and parsley, also
finely minced, a glass of white wine,
as much stock (free from fat) as you
want; sauce, pepper and salt to taste.
Let the sauce boil a few minutes; dish
up the pieces of fowl, pour the sauce
over and serve.

FRENCH MODE OF COOKING BEANS.
—Take young beans, cut off the heads
and tails and a thin strip on each side
of the beans to remove the strings.
Then divide each bean into four or six
pieces, cutting them in a slanting di-
rection, and as they are cut drop into
cold water, with a small quantity of
salt dissolved in it. When tender, put
them in a stewpan, and shake over the
fire to dry away the moisture from the
beans. When quite dry and hot add
three ounces of fresh butter, pepper
and salt to taste, and the juice of a
lemon. Keep moving the stewpan
without using a spoon, and when the
butter is melted, and all thoroughly
hot, serve. If the butter should not
mix well, add a tablespoonful of gravy,
and serve very quickly.

Nebuchadnezzar's Hanging Gardens.

Nebuchadnezzar, the ruler of Baby-
lon, had a wife who came from a
mountainous district, and who was dis-
satisfied with the level prospect every-
where about her, as she looked forth
from the palace of her husband. In
order to gratify her, he reared the
garden that is described below.

"The vast structure built by Nebu-
chadnezzar, which has been celebrated
in all ages as one of the wonders of the
world; under the name of the Hanging
Gardens of Babylon, was really an ar-
tificial mountain—or meant to be such.
It was built to gratify the desire of
a wife of Nebuchadnezzar, named
Amyitis, who, having been a native of
a mountainous country, loved the moun-
tain, snow-crowded hills, and the
to Babylon, of the level monotony of
the country there, and, as young brides
often do at the present day, when they
remember the green declivities and
summits, and the secluded and roman-
tic dells of their native New England,
she said to her husband that she longed
for the sight of a hill. Her husband,
therefore, undertook to build her one;
and the structure consisted of a series
of platforms or terraces, supported on
arches of masonry, placed one above
the other, and raised so high that the
upper one was above the walls of the
city, so that the spectator, standing
upon it, could not only look down upon
all the streets and squares of the town,
but could also extend his view beyond
the walls, and survey the whole sur-
rounding country. The several terraces
were supported on immense arches of
masonry. The lateral thrust of these
arches was resisted by a solid wall
twenty-two feet thick, which bounded
and closed the structure on every side.
The platforms covering the arches and
forming the terraces were constructed
of immense flat blocks of stone, cement-
ed at the joints with bitumen. Above
this pavement was a layer of reeds, and
then another of bitumen, upon which,
at the top of all, was a flooring of brick,
which formed the upper surface of the
platform. On this foundation was laid
a thick stratum of garden mould, suf-
ficient to afford support and nourish-
ment for the largest trees. The gar-
dens made upon these terraces were
laid out in the most costly and elegant
manner, and were provided with
statues and fountains, and with the
choicest fruits, and the rarest and most
beautiful shrubs and trees, and par-
ticularly of brilliant flowers, and seats,
and bowers, and ornamental arbors,
with everything in short, which the
horticulturists of the day could devise
to complete the attractiveness of the
scene. The ascent from each of these
terraces to the one above it was by a
broad and beautiful flight of steps, and
visitors who ascended from one to the
other saw on each successive platform
new and ever-changing beauties, in the
varied arrangement of walks and trees
and beds of flowers, and in the new
views of the surrounding country which
became, of course, wider and more
commanding the higher they ascended.

"There were spacious and airy apart-
ments built among the arches below,
which opened out upon the successive
terraces. These apartments com-
manded very beautiful views, both of
the gardens before them and of the country
beyond. The interior of them was
splendidly decorated, and they were
fitted with all necessary conveniences
for serving refreshments to guests, and
for furnishing them with music and
entertainments of every kind. On
the upper platform was a reservoir of
water, supplied by vast engines con-
cealed within the structure. Pipes and
other hydraulic machinery conducted
this water to all the lower terraces, in
order to supply the various fountains,
and to irrigate the ground." In fact, so
vast was the extent, and so magnificent
the decorations of the artificial hill,
that as long as it endured it was con-
sidered, by common consent, as one of
the wonders of the world."

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1880.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS FOR 1880.

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

Ten Cents a Month till End of Year.

The Press entered its twenty-eighth (28th) volume on January 1st, 1880. Now is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the Press more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM, Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1880.

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT, WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, of Pennsylvania.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT, WILLIAM H. ENGLISH, of Indiana.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR—Thomas J. Jarvis.

FOR LIEUT. GOV.—James L. Robinson.

FOR ATTORNEY GEN.—Wm. L. Saunders.

FOR STATE TREAS.—John M. Worth.

FOR AUDITOR—W. P. Roberts.

FOR SUP. PUBLIC INSTRUCTION—J. C. Scott.

ELECTORS FOR THE STATE AT LARGE—Jas. Madison Leach and Fab. H. Busbee.

FOR ELECTOR, 7TH DISTRICT—T. F. Klutz.

FOR CONGRESS, 7TH DISTRICT—R. F. Armfield.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR SENATE—W. B. Glenn.

FOR HOUSE OF COMMONS—R. S. Linville.

FOR SHERIFF—J. G. Hill.

FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS—D. P. Mast.

FOR TREASURER—C. J. Osburn.

FOR SHERIFF—M. H. Morris.

FOR CORONER—H. R. Lehman.

APPOINTMENTS.—Attorney-General Kenan

will address the people at the following times and places:

Yadkinville, Yadkin county, Thursday, September 16.

Elkin, Surry county, Friday, September 17.

Dobson, Surry county, Saturday, September 18.

Dalton, Stokes county, Monday, September 20.

Danbury, Stokes county, Tuesday, September 21.

Madison, Rockingham county, Wednesday, September 22.

Hons, R. F. Armfield and A. M. Scales will attend each of the above places in their respective districts as do not conflict with appointments previously made.

The Governor's Appointments.

His Excellency, Gov. Jarvis, with other State canvassers, will address the people on the public issues of the day at

Taylorsville, Alexander, Friday, " 17

Lenoir, Caldwell, Saturday, " 18

Marion, McDowell, Monday, " 20

Waynesville, Tuesday, " 21

Morgantown, Burke, Thursday, " 23

Latest from Maine Election.

The probability is that the Republicans have been tampering with the election returns in Maine, as there are still several townships to hear from, although a week or more has elapsed since the election. Returns may be held back, in order to shape them to suit the Republican ideas of a fair election.

In any event, it cannot be made to appear any thing but a great Republican defeat, as their majority for Governor, if any, is reduced from thousands to a few hundred, manipulate them as they may.

The following is the latest dispatch: PORTLAND, Maine, Sept. 20.—An August dispatch says: The election returns, so far as received, give Governor Davis a plurality of about two hundred votes. There are still several towns and plantations to hear from; and there are some discrepancies in the returns received by telegraph making it difficult to ascertain the exact result of the elections.

It is evident, however, that the vote is close and it is quite probable that only the official canvass of the returns will decide who is elected.

It is admitted by the prominent Republicans at the North that if the Democrats and Greenbackers unite in the November election in Maine, it will give that State to Hancock by at least 5,000.

The Wilmington Star puts the Maine election affair thus:

"If all the returns had been sent in the night after the election Flaisted's majority would have been probably 2,000. They are a cunning and rascally set, and if you get ahead of them you must rise early and work late and do 'a sight of cheating.'"

The latest from Maine, says the Greensboro Patriot, is that both sides have elected the Governor; also that both sides have failed to elect their Governor. People can take their choice, according to their prejudices. Those who have no prejudices are still in the pursuit of facts.

Wm. Barrow will open the Registration books at the Courthouse on the 28th. Let all Democrats be sure their names are on the TOWNSHIP BOOKS.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., September 13.—Mrs. Rebecca Lyon, the "bearded woman," who was traveling many years with Barnum's, Porphogah's and other shows, died Friday and was buried Sunday at Liverpool, near this city.

FALSE.—A report has been in circulation that 60 young men, belonging to Democratic families, had joined the Garfield Club of Lancaster city, Pennsylvania. It appearing strange that this report should be in circulation here, a letter was written from this place to the Democratic headquarters of Lancaster, and the following answer has been received:

ROOMS DEM. CO. COM.

"It is a lie out of the whole cloth. There are not three; and for every Democratic vote for Garfield here, five former Republicans will support Hancock."

Signed, W. U. HENSEL, Ch. Dem. Co. Com.

Tom Cooper's Ten per Cent.

Mr. J. E. Martin is Postmaster at Margarettsville, North Carolina. His salary is \$119. He was assessed recently for \$11.00 by a Radical committee, who sent him the following circular:

"Headquarters.—Committee: Thos. N. Cooper, chairman; J. C. L. Harris, secretary; J. J. Young, W. A. Moore, Alexander Hicks, W. P. Thornton, C. M. Rogers, Thos. R. Keogh, D. A. Jenkins, J. R. Eaves.

"REPUBLICAN STATE COMMITTEE," "COR. HARBET & SALISBURY STS.," "RALEIGH, N. C., Sept. 1, 1880.

"Dear Sir:—I am directed by this committee to assess you ten per cent of your salary for 1880. All officers, State and Federal, are promptly paying this amount, and we expect that you will do the same. Let us hear from you on or before the 10th of this month by cheque. The campaign cannot be run without this amount. We are keeping a record of all amounts paid, so that those who contribute their means may be taken care of hereafter. Your salary is reported at \$119, assessment \$11.

"Very truly,

"T. N. COOPER, Chairman.

"J. C. L. HARRIS, Secretary."

Mr. Martin declined the honor, telling the members of the "still-house prayer-meeting" (as per Vance's speech) that he was a member of a Hancock and English Club, and after March 1, 1881, he expected to retain his office.—Star.

The Betting Market.

A Washington man advertises to make the following bets, money to be deposited and covered at Riggs' Bank:

1. One thousand dollars against five hundred dollars that the Democrats will carry Indiana.

2. One thousand dollars against five hundred dollars that the Democrats will carry New York State by at least 30,000 majority.

3. Two thousand even that Hancock's majority of the popular vote over Garfield will be a quarter of a million.

4. Five hundred dollars that Jere Black, Allen G. Thurman, W. R. Morrison, W. A. Wallace, Governor Hubbard of Texas, Samuel J. Tilden, W. Pinkney White, Professor McMahon of West Virginia, and Dick Merrick of Washington, will either be in Gen. Hancock's Cabinet or represent our country abroad.

A correspondent of the Washington Post wants to bet \$500 that the following named gentlemen will be either in General Hancock's Cabinet or represent the country abroad:

Jere S. Black, Pennsylvania; Allen G. Thurman, Ohio; William R. Morrison, Illinois; William A. Wallace, Pennsylvania; Ex-Governor Hubbard of Texas; Samuel J. Tilden, New York; William Pinkney White, Maryland; Professor Richard Randolph McMahon, West Virginia; R. T. Merrick, Washington, D. C.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR OCTOBER

is full of interest for every reader. The literary department is, as usual, from the pens of the most popular authors, and contains a most charming variety of stories and poems, with several pages of Christian Reid's latest and best novel, "Roelyn's Fortune." In every department we find variety, usefulness, and attraction for the use of the fair sex, the steady patrons of this most popular and attractive of Fashion Magazines. We will furnish the Press and Godey's Lady's Book for one year at the low price of \$3 on application at this office.

(From the New York Sun.)

"Garfield," says John Sherman, "in every position occupied by him has rendered satisfaction to his constituents."

"Resolved," said Garfield's Republican constituents in convention at Warren, Ohio, September 7, 1876, "that there is no man to-day official-ly connected with our national government against whom are justly preferred more and graver charges of corruption than are publicly made and abundantly sustained against James A. Garfield, the present representative of this Congressional district."

—Try Kendall's Spavin Cure, a sure remedy for Spavin, Curbs, Ringbones, or any enlargement of the joints. See advertisement.

An Old man and a Proliferous Family. Mr. A. H. Johnson of Randolph county, who has just visited his uncle, Abraham Johnson, of Cranberry, Mitchell county, N. C., informs us that his uncle was born in Davidson county in the year 1774, and is now 106 years old. He married Jimima of this county, and who was an aunt of George Kinney now living here. They moved from this county about 50 years ago, and journeyed together in this life until the 12th of July last, when the old lady died at the advanced age of nearly 103 years. Mr. Johnson has 248 lineal descendants. He has one son who has 60 grand-children. He had lost sight of all his relations until our informant, Mr. A. H. Johnson, chanced to see the old man's age published in some newspaper, when he wrote to him and found that he had been his uncle.

He has now ascertained that he has seven children living in North Carolina and Tennessee and probably two in some of the western states.

The old man is still able to walk short distances. The old gentleman doubtless has many relatives and friends in this county and Randolph, who will be glad thus to hear from him.—Lexington Exchange.

—The largest pump factory in the world is said to be that of the Southern Pump Company of Nashville, Tennessee, where a complete pump is turned out every two minutes. The work covers fourteen acres, and two hundred and twenty-five men are employed.

—The United States have now 10 times more acres in wheat than the United Kingdom; they have twice the number of horses of both England and France, one-third more cattle and four times more hogs than both.

The Fight between Garfield's friends and Arthur's friends.

(From N. Y. World, Sept. 12, 1880.)

The Republicans at Albany yesterday held two conventions. At one of these, which was controlled by the anti-machine men, Congressman Bailey was renominated; and at the other, which was presided over by Mr. Braman, the Republican state senator of that city, Chas. H. Adams, ex-mayor of Cohoes, and ex-state senator, was made the machine candidate. The two distinct county tickets with the exception of a common nomination for district attorney, were also placed in the field. The Albany Evening Journal of last evening is much bothered what to say on the subject, but manages to praise both tickets. This is an interesting symptom of the true harmony between the Garfielders and the Arthurites, and sheds a ray of light on the Republican prospect in New York.

What would happen if Garfield could be Elected.

(From Newton, Mass. Republican.)

The truth is that Garfield's election would result in a "change" of policy which would plunge the nation into difficulties as damaging to business interests as were those which occurred during Grant's last administration. Sectional issues which are now satisfactorily adjusted would be revived, and in the place of confidence, with its attendant blessings, we should have turmoil, with its attendant horrors.

Good News.—The Democrats in Washington

City fired 100 guns over Maine Tuesday and at night had a torchlight procession with 3,000 in line, headed by the Marine band. A Maine dispatch says: "The masses have simply done all in their power to further Hancock's chances by cutting the Republican majority. Senator Blaine himself declared a few days ago that anything less than 2,000 majority for Davis would mean the certain election of Hancock."

State Sunday School Convention of North Carolina.

The third annual meeting of this Convention will be held in the Presbyterian Church of Salisbury on Wednesday and Thursday, the 27th and 28th of October, 1880.

Executive committees of County Associations, and the executive committees appointed in unorganized counties are urged to send delegates and forward full reports to this convention. These reports should embrace a statement of the number of schools, teachers and pupils in each county, and the number of volumes in libraries, and amount contributed during the past year for the support of the schools.

Each evangelical denomination in a county is entitled to one delegate to represent it. This gives each county as many delegates as there are evangelical denominations in the county.

All the evangelical ministers in the State are entitled to seats as corresponding members, and are cordially invited to be present.

County executive committees are especially requested to see that their counties are fully represented in this convention, and they will also please to be certain to provide their delegates with proper credentials; and on or before the 9th of October send lists of the names of delegates to Hugh M. Jones, Secretary, Salisbury, N. C., and all ministers who expect to attend will forward their names at same time as above to Mr. Jones, so that arrangements can be made for the entertainment of all who may wish to attend.

JOHN A. RAMSAY, Chmn. P. R. CHATFIELD, Sec'y. R. N. HILL, Rev. J. J. RINK, State Executive Committee.

The press of the State, both religious and secular, is respectfully requested to copy.

Georgia elects a Legislature and State officers on October 6th. Indiana on October 12th elects Legislature, State officers and members of the United States House. Ohio on same day elects a Legislature, members of the United States House and minor State officers. West Virginia votes on same day, and elects a Legislature, State officers and members of the United States House. All the Legislatures save Ohio will choose one United States Senator.—Star.

Poor Fellow.

He has Water-Brash, Cramp, Nausea, Pain in the Back and Limbs, Sour Stomach, Foul Breath, Heartburn, Headache and general torture. This is from indigestion caused by a disordered liver. Regulate that organ, and by taking doses, but by using Dr. Flag's Improved Liver and Stomach Pad, and at once be restored to health.

Beautifiers.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good health, strength, buoyant spirits and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof. See another column.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat, (white) per bush. \$1 00 to \$1 20

Wheat, (red) " " " " " "

Oats, per bush. " " " " " "

Barley, per bush. " " " " " "

Flour, per hundred. " " " " " "

Peas, (col'd), per bush. " " " " " "

Peas, (white), " " " " " "

Beans, (col'd), " " " " " "

Beans, (white), " " " " " "

Onion Sets, per bush. " " " " " "

Pork, " " " " " "

Country Meat, (hog round), " " " " " "

Hams, " " " " " "

Green Apples per bush. " " " " " "

Eggs, per dozen. " " " " " "

Butter, per pound. " " " " " "

Tallow, " " " " " "

Beeswax, " " " " " "

Flax Seed, per bush. " " " " " "

Potatoes, Irish, per bush. " " " " " "

Potatoes, sweet, " " " " " "

Cabbage, per pound. " " " " " "

Shickee, per dozen. " " " " " "

Hay, per hundred. " " " " " "

Fodder, per hundred bds. " " " " " "

Blackberries, " " " " " "

Whortleberries, " " " " " "

Cherries, " " " " " "

Dried Apples, " " " " " "

REPORTED BY A. B. GORRELL.

Lugs, Common dark, \$5.00 to \$6.00

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Mr. F. A. Miller, South Fork Township, Forsyth county, N. C., writes July 6th, 1880: My lands are light grey, not good for wheat. Two years ago I sowed, but my wheat was so trifling that I did not cut it. This year I sowed the same lands and put one sack of the Star Brand Wheat manure per acre and reaped about ten bushels good wheat per acre. The fertilizer made it do all it did. I got my wheat in too late and was unable to pasture. I am arranging to use one ton Star Brand this fall on wheat and am glad to be able to recommend it to my neighbor farmers.

Rev. T. S. Ring, Kernersville, Forsyth county, N. C., writes, July 7th, 1880: I have used the Star Brand Wheat manure the last two years; the first year it was entirely satisfactory, the last year my wheat suffered the blight of the season, but this could not be attributed to any fault of the fertilizer, for it was as good again as the same quality of land sowed at the same time, which was not fertilized.

VALUE OF GRASS.—Mr. Jesse Morris, of Walkertown, Forsyth county, N. C., writes July 7th, 1880: I would not be without my little spots of Orchard grass and clover, which I have had in for thirty years for thirty dollars a year and there is hardly one-half an acre of it. I am old now but I wish I could persuade the young folks to try this grass; it will prevent washing and make the ground rich where you sow it.

H. C. Edwards, Kernersville, N. C., writes, July 15th, 1880: I used twelve sacks Star Brand fertilizer on fifteen acres of wheat sown on very thin land. I made a good crop, it more than doubled the yield and I have a good stand of clover on the land. I think it paid me very well to use it.

J. S. Harmon, Esq., Kernersville, N. C., writes, July 15th, 1880: I used the Star Brand fertilizer on my wheat crop last fall, it filled all my expectations; it did well, and I want more of it; I also used it on my vines and they are doing excellent. It is a good fertilizer, and I can recommend it.

E. W. Culler, Esq., Culler Stokes county, N. C., writes July 13th, 1880: I used the Star Brand White manure on my wheat crop last fall, at the rate of 200 pounds to the acre, on red land; harrowed it in with the wheat. The wheat grew well, matured perfectly and the fertilizer increased the yield more than one hundred per cent. I have a first rate stand of clover on the land which is growing nicely.

HINSHAW BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GRASS SEEDS, "STAR BRAND FER-

TILIZERS," GRAIN, PROVISIONS, &c.,

WINSTON, N. C.

TO WHEAT GROWERS.

PREPARED

ESPECIALLY

FOR

WHEAT

AND

TO PROMOTE

GROWTH

OF

GRASS

AND

CLOVER.

ALLISON & ADDISON'S

STAR BRAND

COMPLETE MANURE

FOR

WHEAT

200 lbs.

STANDARD GUARANTEED

RICHMOND, VA.

WE again offer this first-class Fertilizer to Wheat Growers as being, in all respects, worthy of their patronage. It has stood the test of twelve years' use among us, and has been brought to its present admirable condition only by the liberal expenditure of labor and money in

AGRICULTURAL.

Ontons sown now and protected with litter through the winter will give early onions in the spring.

Early potatoes are better if dug as soon as ripe, and either sold or stored in a cool, dry, well-ventilated cellar.

Mule-footed hogs are raised in Arkansas and Cherokee Nation. They are also to be raised in Evergreen, Ala.

All the cultivated varieties of grapes the Delaware is said to contain the most sugar, and the Concord the least.

It is a common fault with many when forming a lawn to use too little seed. Four bushels per acre is the quantity required.

A Frenchman has on his estate near Paris a male aged 73, a goose aged 37, a cow of 36 years, a hog of 27, a bull of 28 and a sparrow of 31.

In planting shrubbery in beds or clumps the taller-growing kinds should occupy the center or background and those of dwarf habit the front.

Light is one of the most effective agencies in enlivening and beautifying a home. Take the airiest, choicest and sunniest room in the house for the living room.

The present cattle grazing belt of the United States (wild lands) is about 2,000 miles in length and 550 in breadth. It stretches from the Rio Grande to Manitoba.

Michigan had 1,325,191 acres under wheat this year, against 1,601,710 acres last year. The crop was an average one, and the yield was estimated at from 30,000,000 to 35,000,000.

To carry the immense amount of grain exported from this country across the water, in June alone, required 367 vessels, consisting of 94 steamers, 31 ships, 228 barges and 75 brigs.

In selecting tomatoes for seed do not be over-anxious to obtain those which ripen first, but select good, large, smooth ones—in fact, the best specimens you can find upon the vines.

The first patent for a cow milker was taken out in England September 23, 1836; the first taken out in this country was November 27, 1848. But the old-fashioned way is the best, after all.

Children and some grown folks drink too much water. The proper way is to take a goblet of water and slowly sip it. Half its contents will quench the thirst, and give as much refreshment as the whole.

Persons poisoned with ivy will find that a little ammonia added to water and frequent washings will produce immediate relief. Ammonia applied to the sting of bees, wasps or hornets affords almost immediate relief.

A piece of wood cut from a tree is a good conductor. Let it be heated and dried, it becomes an insulator. Let it be baked to charcoal, it becomes a good conductor again. Burn it to ashes, and it becomes an insulator once more.

Leather belts used with the grain side to the pulley will never crack, as the strain in passing it is thrown on the flesh side, which is not liable to crack or break, the grain is not being strained any more than other portions of the belt.

The too common practice of covering lawns in the autumn with manure, giving them the appearance of barnyards nearly half the year, in most cases does more harm than good, and often is a positive injury, says the *American Cultivator*.

It is said that in all the States east of Illinois three acres of land are required to furnish grass for a cow during the six months of the year she is in pasture, while one acre in grass will furnish her with sufficient hay during the six months she is in the stable.

To start a nut that is corroded in its place, so that an ordinary wrench fails to move it, strike a few sharp blows upon its end first, then, holding a dull chisel across the chamber of the nut, strike the chisel-head several hard blows, which will generally start the nut.

California has to market her wheat crops around Cape Horn in sailing vessels, and the President of the Produce Exchange of San Francisco declares that a canal across the isthmus would make a difference of \$7,000,000 a year in favor of the wheat growers, on a surplus of 800,000 tons.

Treeless Iowa is being transformed into a forest-covered country, by a law which remits certain taxes for five years on every acre of forest trees planted and kept alive. Over 75,000 acres of fruit and forest trees have been planted, and \$200,000 have been remitted in taxes.

For the year ending June 30, 8,300 horses were purchased in Montreal and shipped to the United States, at a cost of \$270,000. These horses have been raised at home and are of the American breed.

It would have been much better to have fed some of the corn to horses instead of sending it abroad at a great cost and little profit.—*American Cultivator*.

The Jelly Fish.

A little more of the present fall weather will soon fill the river-mouths and harbors of our coast with the curious creature, the jelly-fishes.

Yachtsmen and steamboat passengers, where the sea water is clear, will mark the familiar but ever-wonderful bell of glass opening and closing as it slowly makes its way beneath the surface.

Children playing on the beach will find the shapeless masses of many a medusa—for such is its scientific term—helplessly tumbled on the sand, like a spilled mould of that jelly from which its ordinary name is so reasonably derived.

But spoiled jellies, especially those with gritty with sand, are useless to play with, and the children quickly tire of poking the dead medusa about with their spades; nor is it very great fun either to catch them alive; to say nothing of the fact, dimly known to even young naturalists that some species sting severely. Yet beautiful as well as marvellous is this creature of the wave.

Its body, or swimming bell, is a cup of crystal, and is useless to goblet over blown by glassmakers, and gemmed around the rim with spots or bosses of violet, blue and purple jewelry, which Salviati could not equal for brilliancy and effect. From the bottom of the translucent chalice hang leaf-like processes encircling the mouth which is veiled by a delicate membrane, as if the medusa were an Eastern beauty and kept the "yashmak" over her lips. The sapphire and amethyst-colored spots are rudimentary eyes; the cavities seen round the lip of the crystal cup are ears, and it has countless hands or "tentacles" hanging from the pellicled brim. Some of them, even more modest than their simpler sisters, cover their violet eyes, as well as their mouths, with a hyaline hood, and others shade at night with a luminous white and blue fire which lights up the sea as though with submarine lamps. Seaside visitors are soon weary of observing them, and the trawler fisher and the shrimp hater meet for clogging the nets; nevertheless, objects more graceful and perfect are not found in the wide waters, and it might more easily be believed that ethereal, diaphanous, and divine beings may conceivably exist and move in the upper ether than these gemmed phantoms of the wave have been seen winnowing, as it were, their way through the element from the substance and color of which only the most delicate outlines divide them. Even the power of offense which some possess is an interesting creative marvel. The "sea nettles," as they are styled, have envenomed "thread cells," each of which contains a tiny hair tongue, pointed at the end and furnished with stinging fluid from a sac. When the cell is pressed it bursts and shoots forth a flying dart, which pierces the skin and injects the poison, from the effects of which—as many have found out who incautiously handle the "Portuguese man-of-war"—a rash experimenter may suffer for days, or even weeks.

Quassia for Mosquitoes.

A few years ago I had some peach trees which, being on a wall exposed to draught, were annually blighted. One died, and the new wood of the others was not more than a hand's length. A scientific friend advised me to try a weak solution of quassia to water them with, and the success was complete.

First year the trees bore well and the new wood was elbow length or more. I next tried quassia in the viney. Instead of lime-washing the walls to get rid of the green fly, one watering with quassia disarmed them in a day. My head gardener, who had previously much experience in nursery grounds, wondered that he had never heard of it before. He now uses it in all cases as a protection from flies and blight.

The dilution goes a long way; one pound of chips of quassia, wood, boiled and reboiled in other water, until it has eight gallons of the extract for his garden engine. He finds it undesirable to use it stronger for some plants. This boiling makes the quassia adhesive, and being principally applied to the underleaf, because most blight settles there, it is not readily washed off by rain. Quassia is used in medicine as a powerful tonic, and the chips are sold by chemists at from sixpence to a shilling a pound. The tree is indigenous to the West Indies and to South America. And now as to gnats and mosquitoes. A young friend of mine, severely bitten by mosquitoes and unwilling to be seen so disfigured, sent for some quassia chips and had boiling water poured upon them. At night after washing she dipped her hands into the quassia water and left it to dry on her face. This was a perfect protection, and continued to be so whenever applied. The pastilles sold at Florence and elsewhere, which are vaunted to be safeguards against mosquitoes, are, from my own experience, of no use. At the approach of winter, when flies and gnats get into houses, and sometimes bite venomously, a grandchild of mine, a month or so old, was thus attacked. I gave the nurse some of my weak solution of quassia to be left to dry on his face, and he was not bitten again. It is innocuous to children, and it may be a protection also against bed insects, which I have not had the opportunity of trying. When the solution of quassia is strong it is well known to be an active fly poison, and is mixed with sugar to attract flies, but this is not strong enough to kill at once. If it be true that mosquitoes have been imported into one of the great hotels of the southwest of London, it might be very useful to anoint some of the furniture with it. Then a strong solution with sugar set about the rooms ought to clear them out.

Putting John In.

The trials of an artist who undertakes to paint a picture "to order," are many and vexatious. It is related of a noted portrait painter that he received an order to paint a family group. The family was large and the happy head of it wanted them all included. After many consultations and very interviews as to the sittings, the order was finally given, and the artist breathed free, but hardly had he ordered the canvas before the paternalism arrived breathless at the studio, and announced that he had "forgotten about John."

"Well," said the weary artist, "and what about John?"

"My son John," said the patron, "as went to the war. I want him put in the picture."

The artist proposed that John be sent to the studio for a sitting, to which the patron of arts responded:

"Well, I forgot to tell you John's dead." Despite the gravity of the information, the painter smiled and asked the father to bring a photograph or anything that would give him an idea of the lost son's personal appearance. "John," parent searched his head and said he would go home and tell "Mother."

Before the artist had lighted his after-breakfast cigar the next morning, the fond father made his appearance accompanied by a big bundle, which, being unfolded, displayed to the astonished eye of the artist and old pair of blue trousers.

"Mother said she couldn't find no photograph of John," said the perplexed parent, "but she run agin his old army pants, and thought they might give you an idea, and you could put John in uniform."

Fashions.

NEW TRIMMINGS.

Among the most important and prominent accessories, or rather trimmings, of a toilet are passementeries and embroideries. An unheard-of profusion will exist during the coming season in ornamentation, and costumes will be seen covered with the utmost elaboration of white jet, mother-of-pearl, gold and silver, opalescent beads, pink pearls and flossy silks, like the sparkling of a casket of jewels.

On white flimsy lace and white silk is exquisitely represented the finest work in vines and flowers, fantastically trimmed with leaves and curling tendrils. On a broad band of white lace is seen the snow-drop pattern. The deep points of the lower edge are separated by a delicate binding of thread-like white chenille and gold twist. In the center of each point droops a graceful cluster of snowdrops, embroidered in chenille floss silk and pearls; the gilt stems and branches have leaves of opal beads in shifting shades of cream, violet and palest green; the points are finished with tiny scallops of fine chenille and the delicate tints of opalescent beadwork.

This beautiful pattern is also produced on black tulle, and the embroidery is done in the most brilliant colors, and on black worked with gold thread only.

A magnificent white satin trim is still more elaborate; the lower edge is scalloped with finest handwork of gilt thread and shaded green beads and seed pearls; at certain distances apart are butterfly-like with outspread wings, outlined with gilt thread, filled in with knots of variegated metallic threads and seed pearls; the body is in high relief, being stuffed, and is embroidered with shaded green metallic threads and barred across with copper gold, and the head is of red gold beads, dotted with black. The curling vines are done in green seed beads and gilt thread; the main stem is of fine pink pearls, with lotus flowers of metallic blue and pink seed beads filled in with creamy floss, and tendrils curl about of gilt thread and drooping, pear-shaped pearls. The upper edge of this superb band is embroidered in bars of alternate pearls and knotted threads of variegated metallic threads.

A band of white lace a quarter of a yard wide is exquisitely scalloped with finest work of seeded pearls and chenille thread. In each scallop is a large cluster of fuchsia and pansy blossoms, white flow in the heaviest manner; the long, drooping tassel-like pistils are made of graduated pearls, each finished with one pear-shaped pearl, the leaves and buds are of finest work of seeded pearls and opal segments of bugles. A wide white applique, trimming alternates with a buckle-shaped and elaborate medallion. These are on lace. The buckles are outlined with pink pearls in small arabesques, closely massed, and knots of glowing metallic threads. From these spread rays of shaded copper gold beads, with filling in with pearls and floss; the medallions are outlined with fine opal tinted bugles and shaded pale green and gold cut glass fine beads. The effect is that of the richest gems in flashing, changing light. Other white laces are embroidered in imitation of Brussels and Valenciennes. An exquisite with lace imitates old point in flowers worked in white floss and chenille thread, varied with seed pearls, delicate iridescent seed beads in a frosty sheen wrought like stippled shadows. The lower edge of scalloped lace in an intricate design of floss with glowing with mother-of-pearl colors; graduated pearls drop like fly cups in clusters from trailing vines of silky floss and silver thread.

Another applique on white satin is a series of medallions of pearls with variegated pink pearls in tress of variegated metallic threads glowing with the colors of ruby, emerald, opal, sapphire and topaz, set like jewels in finest outlining of gold thread. A covey lace seems strewn with falling snowflakes and flashing jewels of iridescent hues. One of the most beautiful of the lace bands has deep points of large pearls and emerald of sheeny iridescent bugles as fine as a canalic needle. The graceful lilies and foliage are exceedingly rich with glowing floss work, tiny transparent beads glistening with shifting rays of blue and gold, and broad leaves of silver, outlined leaves filled in with fine cut-glass beads, so delicate that there is only a shadow of water green to be seen. In strongest contrast is an applique trimming of wide branching foliage of finest jet bugle embroidery outlined with gold thread; here and there are clusters of large berries done to shaded garnet seed beads outlined with black beads and gold thread. Some of the delicately worked Japanese bands on cloth are four and six inches wide; one specimen on maroon cloth has all the quaint, odd designs seen in screens and fans, with medallions applique in silk of a contrasting color, and then worked in gay flowers, crescents of gold silk worked in straight bars of olive dotted with green—a tea-box and fan, a flower and zigzag dashes in the most irregular manner. This style of embroidery on cloth is very fashionable and can be easily done at home by any one familiar with Japanese designs, which are copied from pottery and screens.

The passion for jet has by no means subsided; on the contrary judging from the excessive massive trimmings and extreme cost, it is on the increase. These are mostly in very wide applique bands of branches and flowers, open worked; the material upon which they are embroidered in this heavy manner is cut out underneath. Some are done entirely with the finest of bugles, representing long leaves and sunflowers, tulips, lilies, daisies, or clusters of smaller flowers, sometimes a bird or insect; the leaves may be worked in the tiniest seed bead work or in large fine lance like bugles. Heavier bands are equally or more elaborate. Some have a border of satin piping fringe and jet, the centre showing tuftings of mossy chenille and cressets and stars of jet. The bedding is composed of curling ostrich feathers.

A wide fringe, a quarter of a yard in depth, is of great weight. There is a heavy passementerie bead-piping top holding the fringe of fine bugles, cut jet beads of graduated sizes completed with long jet droplets. This at wholesale price costs \$30 a yard. Another style, still more costly, is an elaborate spray of satin balls in tulle, with a mixture of fine jet beads with satin buds, tulips and butterflies of heaviest jet work. The new favorite trimming is called Marabout. To realize the description, this may be compared to a fence of alternate heavy posts with fine wire work between. These silken posts are entwined around with fine seed jet beads; between these is a lattice work in diamonds or squares of beads. Each edge is fringed with curled laminae, or ostrich, or chenille tufts, and sprigs of jet wires. On a band six inches wide is interwoven a complication of narrow twist fringe and jet, chenille with jet droplets and tulle, moss headed by black feathery grasses and thistles glittering with jet and silver dust. Small shoulder capes not only glitter with the most ornate bead work and heavy fringes of jet, but are elaborately made in the grouping of jet and gold bead floral designs. Some of these of immense weight are masses of beads, fine bugles, satin balls and wide fringes.

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